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Horace's Epistles



T H E

FIRST EPISTLE

O F T H E

Second Book of *H O R A C E*,

I M I T A T E D.



(Price One Shilling.)

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

BOOK OF HORN

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THE FIRST EPISTLE

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Horatii Ep. I. Lib. II. ad Augustum.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
Second Book of *HORACE*,
IMITATED.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
PHILIP, Lord *HARDWICKE*,
Lord High-Chancellor of GREAT-BRITAIN.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's-Head*, in *Pall-Mall*;
and sold by M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster-Row*, 1749.

Horace Ep. I. Lib. II. of Augustus

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OF THE

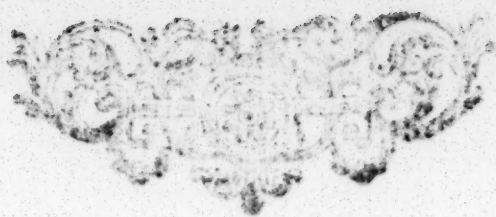
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HILST you, my Lord, such various toils sustain,
Preside o'er *Britain's* Peers, her Laws explain,
With ev'ry Virtue ev'ry Heart engage,
And live the bright Example of the Age,
With tedious Verse to trespass on your Time,
Is sure Impertinence, if not a Crime.

All

* Cum tot sustineas, & tanta negotia solus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.

^b All the fam'd Heroes, Statesmen, Admirals,
 Who after Death within the sacred Walls
 Of *Westminster* with Kings have been receiv'd,
 Met with but sorry Treatment, while they liv'd ;
 And tho' they labour'd in their Country's Cause,
 With Arms defended her, and form'd with Laws,
 Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren Soil,
 And left the World ungrateful to their Toil.

^c Ev'n HE, who long the *House of Com-----ns* led,
 That *Hydra* dire, with many a gaping Head,
 Found by Experience to his latest Breath,
 Envy could only be subdu'd by Death.

^d Great Men whilst living must expect Disgraces,
 Dead they're ador'd---when none desire their Places.

This

^b Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, déorum in templa recepti,
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt,
 Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis : ^c diram qui contudit hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit Invidiam supremo fine domari :
^d Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
 Infra se positas ; extinctus amabitur idem.

* This common Fate, my Lord, attends not you,
 Above all Equal, and all Envy too ;
 With such unrivall'd Eminence you shine,
 That in this Truth alone all Parties join,
 The Seat of Justice in no former Reign
 † Was e'er so greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.

‡ But, tho' the People are so just to you,
 To none besides will they allow their Due,
 No Minister approve, who is not dead,
 Nor, till h' has lost it, own he had a Head ;
 § Yet such Respect they bear to ancient Things,
 They've some for former Ministers and Kings ;

And,

* Presenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
 Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
 † Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
 ‡ Sed tuus hic populus sapiens & justus in uno,
 Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis ante ferendo,
 Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
 Æstimat, & nisi quæ terris semota, suisque
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit, & odit.
 § Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum
 Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,

And, with a kind of superstitious Awe,
Deem *Magna Charta* still a sacred Law.

ⁱ But, if because the Government was best
Of old in *France*, when Freedom she possess'd,
In the same Scale resolv'd to weigh our own,
England's we judge was so, who then had none;
Into most strange Absurdities we fall,
Unworthy to be reason'd with at all.

^k Brought to Perfection in these Days we see
All Arts, and their great Parent Liberty,
^l With Skill profound we sing, eat, dress, and dance,
And in each *gout* polite, excell ev'n *France*.

^m If Age of Ministers is then the Test,
And, as of Wines, the oldest are the best,

Let's

Pontificum libros, annosa Volumina Vatum,
Dictitet Albano Musis, in monte locutas.

ⁱ Si quia Græcorum sunt antiquissima quæque
Scripta, vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur,
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri:

^k Venimus ad summam fortunæ; pingimus, atque

^l Pfallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctior ipsis.

^m Si meliora dies, ut vina poemata reddit
Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?

Let's try, and fix some Æra, if we can,
When good ones were extinct, and bad began :

ⁿ Are they all wicked since ELIZA's Days ?

Did none in CHARLES', or JAMES's merit praise ?

Or are they Knaves but since the Revolution ?

If none of these are Facts, then all's Confusion ;

And by the self-same Rule one cannot fail,

^o To pluck each Hair out singly from the Tail.

^p Wife CECIL, lov'd by People and by Prince,
As often broke his Word as any since :

Of

Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos, veteresne referri debet ? an inter
Viles, atque novos ? excludat jurgia finis.

ⁿ Est vetus, atque probus, centum qui perficit annos ?

Quid qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno,

Inter quos referendus erit ? veteresne poetas,

An quos & præsens, & postera respuet ætas ?

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honeste

Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno

Utor permissio, caudæque pilos ut equinæ

^o Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum,

Dum cadat elusus ratione ruenis acervit

Qui redit ad fastos, & virtutem æstimat annis,

Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacravit.

^p Ennius & sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur,

Quo promissa cadant, & somnia Pythagorea :

B

‘ Of ARTHUR’S Days we almost nothing know,
Yet sing their Praise, because they’re long ago.

‘ Oft, as ’tis doubted in their several Ways
Which of past Orators best merit Praise,
We find it to decide extremely hard,
If HARLEY’S Head deserv’d the most Regard,
Or WYNDHAM’S Tongue, or JEKYL’S Patriot-Heart,
‘ Old MUSGRAVE’S Gravity, or WALPOLE’S Art.
‘ These were ador’d by all with whom they voted,
And in the fullest Houses still are quoted ;
These have been fam’d from ANNA’S Days till ours,
When PELHAM has, with unattempted Pow’rs,
Improv’d the Art of modern Eloquence,
By adding honest Truth to nervous Sense.

Oft

‘ Nævius in manibus non est, & mentibus hæret
Pene recens, adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.

‘ Ambigitur quoties, uter utro sit prior ; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti :
Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro ;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi ;

‘ Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.

‘ Hos ediscit, & hos arcto stipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens ; habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad nostrum tempus Livii scriptoris ab ævo.

" Oft are the Vulgar wrong, yet sometimes right ;
 The late Rebellion in the truest Light
 By chance they saw ; but were not once so wise,
 Unknown, unheard, in damning the Excise :
 " If former Reigns they fancy had no Fault,
 I think their Judgment is not worth a Groat ;
 * But if they frankly own their Politicks,
 Like ours, might have some Blunders, and some Tricks,
 With such impartial Sentiments I join,
 And their Opinions tally just with mine.

y I wou'd by no Means Church or King destroy,
 And yet the Doctrines, taught me when a Boy
 z By *Crab* the Curate, now seem wond'rous odd,
 That either came immediately from God :

B 2

In

" Interdum Vulgus rectum videt ; est ubi peccat :

" Si veteres ita miratur, laudatque postas,
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet ; errat :

* Si quædam nimis antiquè, si pleraque durè
 Dicere credit eos, ignavè multa fatetur ;
 Et sapit, & mecum facit & Jove judicat æquo.

y Non equidem infector, delendaque carmina Livii
 Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo

z Orbiliū dictitare ; sed emendata videri
 Pulchraque, & exactis minimum distantia, miror.

^a In all the Writings of those high-flown Ages
 You meet with now and then some scatter'd Pages
 Wrote with some Spirit, and with Sense enough ;
 These sell the Book, the rest is wretched Stuff :
^b I'm quite provok'd, when Principles, tho' true,
 Must stand impeach'd by Fools, because they're new.

^c Shou'd I but question, only for a Joke,
 If all was Flow'rs, when pompous HANMER spoke,
 If Things went right, when ST. JOHN trod the Stage,
 How the old *Tories* all wou'd storm and rage !

^d They shun Conviction, or because a Truth
 Confess'd in Age implies they err'd in Youth ;

Or

^a Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum, &
 Si versus paulo concinnior unus, & alter,
 Injuste totum ducit, venditque poema.

^b Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non qui crasse
 Compositum illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper :
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.

^c Rectè necne crocum floresque perambulat Attæ
 Fabula si dubitem, clament periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner
 Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.
 Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,

^d Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
 Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Or that they scorn to learn of junior Wits :---
 What !---to be taught by LYTTLETONS and PITTS !

* When angry Patriots or in Prose or Rhymes,
 Extoll the virtuous Deeds of former Times,
 They only mean the present to disgrace,
 And look with envious Hate on all in Place :
 † But had the Patriots of those ancient Days,
 Play'd the same Game for Profit, or for Praise,
 The Trade, tho' now so flourishing and new,
 Had long been ruin'd, and the Nation too.

‡ *England*, when once of Peace and Wealth posselt,
 Began to think Frugality a Jest,

So

* Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri ;
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.
 † Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset
 Quam nobis, quid nunc esset vetus ? aut quid haberet
 Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus usus ?
 ‡ Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
 Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æqua,

So grew polite ; hence all her well-bred Heirs
^h Gamesters, and Jockeys turn'd, and Cricket-Play'rs ;
ⁱ Pictures and Busts in ev'ry House were seen ;
 What shou'd have pay'd the Butcher, bought *Poussin* ;
^k Now Operas, now Plays were all the Fashion,
 Then Whist became the Business of the Nation,
^l That, like a froward Child, in wanton Play
 Now cries for Toys, then tosses them away ;
 Each hour we chang'd our Pleasures, Dress, and Diet :
^m These were the blest Effects of being quiet.

ⁿ Not thus behav'd the true old *English* 'Squire,
 He smoak'd his Pipe each Morn by his own Fire,
 There Justice to dispense was ever willing,
 And for his Warrants pick'd up many a Shilling :

To

^a Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum,
ⁱ Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit :
 Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella :
^k Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis :
^l Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
 Quod cupidè petiit, mature plena reliquit :
 Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas ?
^m Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.
ⁿ Romæ dulce diu fuit, & solenne reclusa
 Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,
 Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos ;

° To teach his younger Neighbours always glad,
Where for their Corn best Markets might be had,
And from experienc'd Age as glad to learn,
How to defraud unseen the Parson's Barn.

° But now the Worlds quite alter'd, all are bent
To leave their Seats, and fly to Parliament ;
Old Men and Boys in this alone agree,
And vainly courting Popularity,
Ply their obstrep'rous Voters all Night long
° With Bumpers, Toasts, and now and then a Song :
° Ev'n I, who swear these Follies I despise,
Than Statesmen, or their Porters tell more Lies ;
And, for the Fashion-sake, in spite of Nature,
Commence sometimes a most important Creature,
Busy as *Carus* rave for Ink and Quils,
And stuff my Head and Pockets full of Bills.

Few

° Majores audire, minores dicere per quæ
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

° Mutavit mentem populus levis ; & calet uno
Scribendi studio ; pueri, patresque severi

° Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.

° Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior Parthis mendacior ; & prius orto
Sole, vigil calamum, & chartas, & scrinia posco.

^s Few Land-Men go to Sea, unless they're prest,
 And Quacks in all Professions are a Jest ;
 None dare to kill, except most learn'd Physicians,
 Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are Politicians :
 There's not a Soul but thinks, cou'd he be sent,
 H' has Parts enough to shine in Parliament.

^t Tho' many Ills this modern Taste produces,
 Yet still, my Lord, 'tis not without its Uses ;
^u These minor Politicians are a kind
 Not much to selfish Avarice inclin'd ;
 Do but allow them with Applause to speak,
^w They little care, tho' all their Tenants break ;
^x They form Intrigues with no Man's Wife, or Daughter,
^y And live on Pudden, Chicken-Broth, and Water ;

Fierce

^s Navem agere ignarus navis timet ; abrotonum ægro
 Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare ; quod medicorum est
 Promittunt medici : tractant fabrilia fabri ;
 Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim.

^t Hic error tamen, & levis hæc insania quantas
 Virtutes habeat, sic collige : Vatis avarus

^s Non temere est animus ; versus amat, hoc studet unum :

^w Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet ;

^x Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
 Pupillo : ? vivit filiquis, & pane secundo ;

^a Fierce Jacobites, as far as blust'ring Words,
But loth in any Cause to draw their Swords.

^a Were smaller Matters worthy of Attention,
A thousand other Uses I cou'd mention ;
For Instance, in each Monthly Magazine
Their Essays and Orations still are seen,

^b And Magazines teach Boys and Girls to read,
And are the Canons of each Tradesman's Creed ;
Apprentices they serve to entertain,

^c Instead of smutty Tales, and Plays profane ;

^d Instruct them how their Passions to command,
And to hate none---but those who rule the Land :

^e Facts they record, Births, Marriages, and Deaths,

^f Sometimes receipts for Claps, and stinking Breaths.

C

When

^a Militiæ quanquam piger, & malus, utilis urbi.

^a Si das hoc parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,

^b Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat,

^c Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem,

^d Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis, invidiæ corrector, & iræ :

^e Recte facta refert ; orientia tempora notis

Instruit exemplis ; ^f inopem solatur & ægrum.

5 When with her Brothers Miss comes up to Town,
 How for each Play can she afford a Crown ?
 Where find Diversions gratis, and yet pretty,
 Unless she goes to Church, or a Committee ?
 And sure Committees better entertain,
 h Than hearing a dull Parson pray for Rain,
 i Or whining beg Deliverance from Battle,
 Dangers, and Sins, and Sickness amongst Cattle ;
 At Church she hears with unattentive Ear
 k The Pray'rs for Peace, and for a plenteous Year,
 But here quite charm'd with so much Wit and Sense,
 She falls a Victim soon to Eloquence ;
 Well may she fall ; since Eloquence has Power,
 l To govern both the upper House and lower.

Our

5 Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
 Disceret unde preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset ?
 Poscit opem chorus, & præsentia numina sentit,
 h Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus :
 i Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit.
 k Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum :
 l Carmine Dii superi placantur, carmine Manes.

^m Our ancient Gentry frugal, bold, and rough,
 Were Farmers, yet liv'd happily enough ;
ⁿ They, when in Barns their Corn was safely lay'd,
 For Harvest-homes great Entertainments made,
 The well-rub'd Tables crack'd with Beef and Pork,
 And all the Supper shar'd, who shar'd the Work ;
^o This gave Freeholders first a Taste for eating ;
 And was the Source of all Election-treating ;
^p Awhile their Jests, tho' merry, yet were wise,
 And they took none but decent Liberties,
 Brandy and Punch at length such Riots bred,
^q No sober Family cou'd sleep in Bed ;

C 2

All

^m *Agricolæ prisca, fortes, parvoque beati,*
ⁿ *Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo*
Corpus, & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem
Cum sociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus, & vino, Genium memorem brevis ævi.
^o *Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem*
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit ;
^p *Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos*
Lusit amabiliter ; donec jam sævus apertam
^q *In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honestas*
Ire domos impunè minax : doluere cruento

ʳ All were alarm'd, ev'n those who had no Hurt,
 ˢ Call'd in the Law, to stop such dang'rous Sport.
 ˢ Rich Citizens at length new Arts brought down
 With ready Cash, to win each Country Town ;
 ˢ This less Disorders caus'd than downright Drink,
 Freemen grew civil, and began to think ;
 ˢ But still all canvassing produc'd Confusion,
 The Relicts of its rustic Institution.

* 'Tis but of late, since thirty Years of Peace
 To useful Sciences have giv'n Increase,
 That w' have inquir'd how *Rome's* lost Sons of old
 Barter'd their Liberties for Feasts, and Gold ;

What

ʳ Dente laceffiti ; fuit intactis quoque cura
 Conditione super communi ; quin etiam lex
 ˢ Poenaeque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
 Describi ; vertère modum formidine fustis.
 Ad bene dicendum, delectandumque reducti.
 ˢ Græcia capta ferum victorem cœpit, & artes
 Intulit agræsti Latio, sic horridus ille
 ˢ Defluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave virus
 Munditiæ pepulere : sed in longum tamen ævum
 ˢ Manferunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.
 * Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,
 Et post Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit,
 Quid Sophocles, & Thespis, & Æschylus utile ferrent ;
 Tentavit quoque rem si dignè vertere posset,

What Treats proud *Sylla*, *Cæsar*, *Crassus* gave,
 And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry Knave ;
 Nor try'd in vain ; ^y too fortunately bold
 Many have purchas'd Votes, and many fold ;
 No Laws can now amend this venal Land,
^z That dreads the Touch of a reforming Hand.

^a Some think an Int'rest may be form'd with Ease,
 Because the Vulgar we must chiefly please,

^b But for that Reason 'tis the harder Task,
 For such will neither pardon grant, nor ask.

^c See how *Vatinius*, Master of this Art,
 By diff'rent Methods wins each diff'rent Heart.

^d He tells raw Youths, that Whoring is no Harm,

^e And teaches their attentive Sires to farm ;

To

^y Et placuit sibi naturâ sublimis, & acer,

Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet :

^z Sed turpem putat in scriptis, metuitque lituram.

^a Creditur ex medio quia res arcessit, habere

^b Sudoris minimum ; sed habet Comœdia tanto

Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus : ^c Aspice Plautus

^d Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi !

^e Ut patris attenti, ^f lenonis ut insidiosi ;

To his own Table lovingly invites
^f Infidious Pimps, and ^g hungry Parasites;
^h Sometimes in Slippers, and a Morning Gown,
 He pays his early Visits round a Town,
 At every House relates his Stories over,
 Of Place-Bills, Taxes, Turnips, and *Hanover*;
ⁱ His Money while they get, his Tales will do,
 Tho' neither witty, well-contriv'd, or true.

^k Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous Mob's Applause
 To his own Conscience, or his Country's Cause,
 Is soon elated, and as soon cast down
 By every drunken-Cobler's Smile, or Frown;
^l So small a Matter can depress, or raise
 A Mind, that's meanly covetous of Praise:
 But if my Quiet must dependent be
 On the vain Breath of Popularity,

Quantus sit Dorſennus ^g edacibus in paraſitis!

^h Quam non adſtriſto percurrat pulpita focco:

ⁱ Geſtit enim nummos in loculos demittere, poſt hoc
 Securus cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo.

^k Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo Gloria curru,
 Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inſtat;

^l Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum

A Wind each Hour to diff'rent Quarters veering,

^m Adieu, say I, to all Electioneering.

ⁿ The boldest Orator it disconcerts,

To find the Many, tho' of meanest Parts,

Illit'rate, squabbling, discontented Priggs,

Fitter t' attend a Boxing-Match at *Figg's*,

To all good Sense, and Reason shut their Ears,

Yet pleas'd with *Sydrophel's* strange ° Bulls and Bears.

^p Young Knights now sent from many a distant Shire

Take more Delight in what they see, than hear ;

The ablest Speech on them makes no Impression,

Speeches they've heard at ev'ry Quarter-Session ;

But when the King comes to the House of Lords,

A fight like that prodigious Joy affords :

To

Subruit aut reficit : ^m Valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

ⁿ Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc, terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique, & depugnare parati,
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt

• Aut ursum, aut pugiles ; nam his plebecula gaudet.

^p Verum Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas

Omnis ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana :

Quatuor aut plures Aulæa premuntur in horas,

To rural Eyes what Rapture to behold
 ¶ The Guards both Horse and Foot lac'd o'er with Gold ?
 The rich Insignia from the *Tower* brought down,
 ¶ The Ivory Scepter, and the radiant Crown ;
 And last to view his Majesty approach
 Drawn by eight Milk-white Steeds in gilded Coach ;
 The Mobb huzza, the thund'ring Cannons roar,
 And Bus'ness is delay'd at least an Hour ;
 The Speaker calls indeed to Mind what passes,
 ¶ But might as well read Orders to deaf Asses.

¶ Forgetful of the Glories of the Day,
 Forgetful too of all he meant to say,

Velleius

¶ Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ ;
 Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves,
 ¶ Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus,
 Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, seu
 Diversum confusa genus panthera, camelo
 Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora
 Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis ;
 Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura,
 Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
 ¶ Fabellam furdo ; nam quæ pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum, referent quem nostra theatra ?
 Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum ;
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes
 Divitiæque peregrinæ : ¶ quibus oblitus actor
 Quum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera lævæ :

Velleius see now rises up to joke !

The House all laugh ; " what says he ? has he spoke ?

No not a Word ; what's then the Cause of this ?

Why all the Jest is only in his Phyz.

" Tho' I make no Harangues, their Praise, when true

Let me not envious grudge to those who do,

But least to HIM (for HE's ' the Man for me)

' Who Conjuror like, tho' no great Conjuror He,

Now Troops of Smugglers brings before our Eyes,

" Now raves with Fury, then with Pity cries ;

" Now with false Terrors frightens us of *France*,

^b And now from *Britain's* Coasts to *India* makes us dance.

▪ Dixit adhuc aliquid ? Nil sane : quid placet ergo ?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

" Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Quum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne ;

" Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poetam, meum qui pectus inaniter angit.

" Irritat, mulcet, " falsis terroribus implet,

' Ut magus, & " modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

D

But

^c But whilst, my Lord, these Makers of our Laws
 Thus speak themselves into the World's Applause,
^d Let Bards for such Attempts too modest share
 What more they prize, your Patronage and Care,
^e If you wou'd spur them up the Muse's Hill,
 Or ask their Aid your Library to fill.

^f We Poets are in ev'ry Age, and Nation,
 A most absurd, wrong-headed Generation ;
 This in a thousand Instances is shewn,
^g (Myself as guilty as the rest I own)
 As when on you our Nonsense we impose,
^h Tir'd with the Nonsense you have heard in Prose ;
ⁱ When we' are offended, if some honest Friend
 Presumes one unharmonious Verse to mend ;

When

^c Verum age, & his qui se lectori credere malunt,
 Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
 Curam redde brevem ; ^d si munus Apolline dignum
 Vis complere libris, ^e & vatibus addere calcar,
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem :
^f Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
^g (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum
^h Sollicito damus, aut fesso ; quum lædimur, unum
ⁱ Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum :

^k When undefir'd our Labours we repeat,
^l Grieve they're no more regarded by the Great,
^m And fancy, shou'd you once but see our Faces,
 You'd bid us write, and pay us all with Places.

ⁿ 'Tis yours, my Lord, to form the Soul to Verse,
 Who have such num'rous Virtues to rehearse :

^o Great *Alexander* once, in ancient Days,
 Pay'd *Chærilus* for daubing him with Praise ;

D 2

And

^k Quum loca jam recitata revolvimus irrevocati ;
^l Quum lamentamur, non apparere labores
 Nostros, & tenui deducta poemata filo :
^m Quum speramus eo rem venturam, ut simul atque
 Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
 Arceffas, & egere vetes, & scribere cogas.
ⁿ Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere quales
 Ædituos habeat belli, spectata domique
 Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.
^o Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Chærilus, incultis qui versibus & male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fœdo
 Splendida facta linunt ; idem rex ille, poema
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,

And yet the same fam'd Heroe made a Law,
 None but *Apelles* shou'd his Picture draw ;
^p None but *Lysippus* cast his royal Head,
 In Brass, it had been Treason if in Lead ;
 A Prince he was in Valour ne'er surpass'd,
 And had in Painting too perhaps some Taste ;
 But as to Verse, undoubted is the Matter,
^q He must be dull, as a *Dutch* Commentator.

^r But you, my Lord, a Fav'rite of the Muse,
 Wou'd chuse good Poets, were there good to chuse,
^s You know they paint the great Man's Soul as like,
 As can his Features *KNELLER*, or *VANDYKE*.
^t Had I such Pow'r, I never wou'd compose
 Such creeping Lines as these, nor Verse, nor Prose ;

But

Edicto vetuit, ne quis se præter Apellem
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
^p Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia ; quod si
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
 Ad libros, & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,
^q Bæotum in crasso jurares aere natum.
^r At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
 Munera quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt
 Delecti tibi Virgilius, Variusque poetæ :
^s Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent. ! Nec sermones ego malle

But rather try to celebrate your Praise,
^u And with your just Encomiums swell my Lays :
 Had I a Genius equal to my Will,
 Gladly wou'd I exert my utmost Skill
 To consecrate to Fame *Britannia's* Land,
 Receiving Law from your impartial Hand ;
 By your wise Councils once more pow'rful made,
 Her Fleets rever'd, and flourishing her Trade ;
^w Exhausted Nations trembling at her Sword,
^x And PEACE long wish'd-for to the World restor'd.

^y But your true Greatness suffers no such Praise,
^z My Verse wou'd sink the Theme it meant to raise ;

Unequal

Repentes per humum, quam res componere gestas
 Terrarumque situs, & flumina dicere, & arces
 Montibus impositas, & Barbara regna, tuisque
 Auspiciis totum confecta duella per Orbem
^x Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Jani,
^w Et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam :
^u Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque : sed neque parvum
^y Carmen Majestas recipit tua, nec meus audet
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusant ;
^z Sedulitas autem stultè quem diligit, urget ;
 Præcipuè cum se numeris commendat, & arte ;
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat, & veneratur.
 Nil moror officium quod me gravat ; ac neque ficto

Unequal to the Task wou'd surely meet
 Deserv'd Contempt, and each presumptuous Sheet
 Cou'd serve for nothing, scrawl'd with Lines so simple,
^a Unless to wrap up Sugar-Loaves for WIMPLE.

In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto :
 Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere ; & una
 Cum scriptore meo, capsâ porrectus aperta
^a Deferar in Vicum vendentem thus, & odores,
 Et piper, & quid chartis amicitur ineptis.

F I N I S.



